THE RED-TOPPED BOOTS.

To the last my memory wanders
To the happy childhood days,
Bringing joyous recollections
Of its sports and childish ways;
But one moment seems the brighter,
And my memory longer stops,
At the time I wore so proudly
Boots with red morocco tops.

Fleeting time in quick succession,
As the years rolled swiftly by,
Brought new scenes and new enjoyments,
Changing as the moments fly;
But of these my mem'ry wearies,
And their view it gladly drops,
Just to see those boyhood treasures—
Boots with red morocco tops.

Proud I walked to school in winter,
Braving snows and piercing cold,
Richer than the envied miser,
With his hoard of shining gold.
And it seemed—perhaps 'twas fancy—
That the world in wonder stops
Just to gaze but for a moment
At those red morocco tops.

How I thought I was the envy
Of the boys across the way,
With their boots, so plain and clumsy,
That they'd worn for many a day.
How I felt 'way up and above them,
And to play would never stop,
Just because my boot was finished
With a red morocco top.

Years may bring us many a lesson,
But we fail to heed the best
If we think that wealth or station
Makes us better than the rest;
And the one who, proud and haughty,
With the humble never stops
Is more foolish than the schoolboy
Proud of boots with flaming tops.
—Con R. Norton, in Chicago Inter Ocean.

A CASE IN EQUITY.

BY FRANCIS LYNDE.

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II.

ONE WAY TO CURE ENNUI.

"Just say that over again, will you, doctor? I don't think I quite took in the length and breadth of it."

Thorndyke was in his shirt-sleeves, but he reached mechanically for his coat and vest when the physician replaced the stethoscope among its kinsmen in the glass case.

"I said that your condition is very critical"—the concern in Dr. Perevin's voice was too real to be professional; "that if we don't look out you'll slip away from us as your Uncle Granville did."

Granville Thorndyke had died of quick consumption when his nephew was a boy of 12, and Philip had a very vivid recollection of the strong man's steeple-chase down the road to emaciation and death. It seemed incredible that such a thing could happen to him. He sat down and tried to realize it. Realizing is usually a methodical process, but when a man believes he has just heard his death-sentence pronounced it is apt to be different. Thorndyke's mind skipped the intermdiate steps and arrived at the end of things with a shock that jarred him out of his usual habit of indifference.

"For God's sake, doctor! Do you know—but of course you don't; no man can really put himself in another's place when it comes to the pinch."

"Not wholly, perhaps; and yet I can tell you it isn't pleasant to be a prophet of evil. Hadn't you any hint of your danger?"

"Not the least in the world. Why, I'm here now only because the mother and Helen insisted upon my coming. And I can't take it in yet; I'm not sick—I've never had a twinge or a symptom worth mentioning."

"That may be; the trouble frequently begins so stealthily as to give but little warning. Your uncle reached your age without suspecting that he had the disease, and then, as you remember, he died within the year."

"Yes, I know all about it," assented the young man, moodily, "and now I know why mother was so anxious."

He got up and walked nervously back and forth in front of the physician, with his hands behind him and his head down. "If anybody had told me I was such a coward I shouldn't have believed it, doctor. This thing has come so suddenly that I'm all at sea. What is there to be done? or is there anything to be done?"

The physician shook his head. "Taking it for granted that you want the plain fact, I'm afraid the chances are against you. Sometimes a complete change of scene, climate, and habit will work the miracle that would seem to be necessary in a case like yours, but it is only fair to warn you that such an experiment might only shorten your life."

"A sort of forlorn hope," rejoined Thorndyke. "Nevertheless, I think I'll try it, not so much on my own account as because—Doctor, where should I go, and how long a time can I count on?"

"Answering your last question first—I don't know; no one can say positively; but unless you get help almost immediately the disease is likely to develop very rapidly. I should say that six months would tell the story, one way or the other; though it might take longer. And as to the place, there isn't much choice, so long as you get an even temperature and pleasant surroundings. I have considerable faith in the climate of the southern end of the Blue Ridge; but you must live out of doors if you go there."

"Six months; something less than 200 days. That ought to give a man time enough to make his peace; many a poor devil gets less than that many minutes or seconds. And yet there are some things that can't well be settled in a short half year."

"You are thinking of your engagement to Helen?"

"Yes; that, and the property, and my mother's grief and worry, and a hundred other things that were not of the least consequence an hour ago." He took his hat and paused in the doorway. "Doctor, I wish you wouldn't say anything about this—at least, not just yet. Don't tell the mother or Helen, I mean."

"Certainly not."

"Thank you. I'll see you again before I go, that is, if it seems worth while to make the experiment."

An hour earlier in the day, Philip Thorndyke had sauntered into the vestibule of the great office building with the thought that a visit to Dr. Perevin would answer the double purpose of relieving his mother's anxiety, and of enabling him to wear out a half-hour of the afternoon in a chat with the old family physician; and he went the more willingly since the half-hours had of late taken to dragging rather discouragingly, especially in the afternoons. That they dragged was due to a number of causes, the chief of which was that Thorndyke was an unsuccessful idler.

His father had been a hard-working attorney, gathering and leaving an estate which would have been a fortune elsewhere than in New York, and which was a competence even in that city of millionaires. The will gave Philip half, and the irksomeness of its possession had not made itself felt until after his post-graduate course in the law had left him a squire of dames, and lacking the spur of necessity which might have made him successful in his profession. Up to the moment when he stood waiting for the next ascending elevator which should lift him to the altitude of Dr. Perevin's chambers, his life had been as uneventful as his mother's solicitude could make it. There had been no invigorating heights to scale and no nerve-trying depths to explore. In his college course, and in the choice of a profession, he had followed in the footsteps of his father, taking the one and choosing the other for no better reason than that both were selected for him by his parents. Summed up, the young man who waited for the elevator was a very fair example of the neutralizing effect of prearrangement in domestic affairs; a logical product of a cut-and-dried system of home training which makes no allowance for individual needs in the subject.

And if Thorndyke had been given no voice in the matter of his bringing up, he had had quite as little to say about his engagement to Helen Morrisson. She was the only daughter of his father's law partner, and the alliance of the two families in the persons of their respective heirs was a treaty which had been discussed, ratified, engrossed, docketed, and filed among the partnership archives long before the persons most nearly concerned were old enough to be consulted. Contrary to all precedent, the young people made no difficulties. On the part of the young girl, the loyal friendship of childhood had grown with her stature into a very real and earnest love for the man who was her betrothed. And if Philip's acceptance of the part assigned to him was not sufficiently demonstrative to please his mother, it was due quite as much to the fact that the two had grown up together as to any undefined inclination on the part of the young man to rebel against the conditions which had forestalled the growth of his individuality. In a tranquil and dispassionate way Philip was devoted to the young woman of his mother's choice; but his love for Helen was rather the outgrowth of an obedient sense of the fitness of things, urged on by a just appreciation of Helen's beauty and goodness, than the spontaneous and compelling passion which is no more amenable to reason than it is subordinate to a sense of duty.

From passive indifference to active discontent is but a step in life from which the objects of legitimate ambition had been removed. The dead level of an existence in which the trivialities of the daily social round are the only mile-stones stretches away before the weary pilgrim into a limitless and arid region whose sandy wastes forbid the growth of any sturdy tree of effort. Thorndyke had been journeying through some such desert of boredom on the day of his visit to Dr. Perevin, and one of the vagrant thoughts which followed him to the doctor's door turned upon the well-worn question as to whether, after all, life were really worth the effort. The answer was deferred, but the suggestion was distinctly negative. An hour later, when he stood before the latticed door of the same elevator waiting to be shot down to the level of the street, the point of view had veered so suddenly as to leave him gasping like an exhausted swimmer under whose feet there had lately been the decks of the stanchest of vessels.

For the first time in his experience with elevators, the swift rush down the shaft made him dizzy, and he had to sit down at the cigar stand in the vestibule a minute before going out into the street. A line of periodicals was pinned to a string in front of the cigar vender's counter, and Philip saw the word "Allacoochee" in staring capitals on the title page of one of them. He bought a copy of the paper and read the advertisement.

ALLACOOCHEE.

The Future Commercial and Industrial Capital of the New South! The most Equable climate in Alabama. Fine Natural Medicinal Springs, Charming and Picturesque Scenery. Inexhaustible Beds of Coal and Iron; A Limitless Field for Improvement.

A carefully prepared prospectus of Allacoochee may be found at the banking house of Messrs. Tompkyns & Ryder, where the subscription books of the Allacoochee Land, Manufacturing & Improvement company will be opened for the sale of a limited number of shares on the 5th inst.

An acquaintance looked over his shoulder as he read. "Hello, Thorndyke," he said; "going south to make a fortune?"

Philip folded the paper and put it into his pocket. "I hadn't thought much about making the fortune, but perhaps I shall go south for awhile. Do you know anything about this place?"

"Nothing more than the scare 'ad.' tells; but I fancy it's another bait for gudgeons. I shouldn't put any money into it, if I were you."

"I had no intention of doing so."

They had reached the street, and Philip shook hands with his friend before turning to cross the square to the elevated station.

"Good-by, old man; I may be off before I see you again," said Philip; and the faintness came back with the thought that he should probably never see the man again—and this was the first of a series of leave-takings which should be for all time.

III.

LEAVE-TAKINGS.

Philip was reading the evening paper when Mrs. Thorndyke came into the library before dinner, and he made a commendable effort to appear natural when he greeted her. The hope that she would give him time to lead up gradually to the subject of his interview with Dr. Perevin had scarcely taken shape when her first question flung him into the midst of it.

"Did you go to see the doctor to-day, Phil?" she asked, moving the reading lamp that its light might serve him better.

"What doctor?—oh, you mean Perevin. Yes, I went down and told him I was a very sick man—in your opinion."

"What does he say is the matter with you?"

"With me?—why, he said you coddled me too much, or something of that sort; that I'd better break away and go live in the woods."

"But seriously, Philip; you know how we are worried about you. Doesn't he think you're in danger?"

"Danger of what?" Philip threw down his paper and stood up before her. "Do I look like a sick man? Can you stretch imagination to the point of fancying me going into a decline?"

His manner was reassuring enough, but the subtle intuition of maternal love is not to be hoodwinked by appearances. Mrs. Thorndyke was not satisfied, and, seeing there was no possibility of keeping her away from the dreaded subject, Philip skillfully introduced his plan of migration.

"Why, of course," she said; "I don't see why we hadn't thought of that before. We can find some quiet place down south where we can be comfortable, and we can take Helen with us."

Philip's heart smote him when he set himself to demolish this cheerful plan. Having had time to think about it, he had demonstrated to his own satisfaction the uselessness of trying to dodge his fate. He had succeeded in twisting Dr. Perevin's warning into a formal sentence of death; and he had made up his mind to take the physician's advice, not for recuperative purposes, but for reasons which were purely sentimental. He would go away into the wilderness where he could find a quiet place to die, and would so save his mother and Helen the day-to-day sorrow of the intermediary period. It was all very foolish and boyish, doubtless; but Philip was only an overgrown boy at best, so far as individuality was concerned, and Mrs. Thorndyke had herself to thank for it. And so he proceeded to put his theory into practice.

"That would all be very pleasant; but don't you see that I must go alone if I mean to live out of doors and rough it? I'm not sure but it would be better for me to go into the woods with the turpentine gatherers, or in a logging camp. I don't know that I especially yearn for such an experience, but I'd do that or anything else to please you and Helen."

"Don't be impatient, Philip, dear; I know we're a pair of foolish women, but there is always the look of your uncle Granville in your eyes, and—" Mrs. Thorndyke sat down and began to cry softly into her handkerchief.

Philip was beside her in a moment. "There, there, little mother, you've let this thing worry you till you're all unstrung. You mustn't, you know; Perevin says that I'm—that all I need is a change of climate. You won't know me when I get back."

When one is habitually truthful the lips lie clumsily and the face usually re-

"There, there, little mother."

fuses to corroborate the falsehood; it was therefore fortunate for Philip's plan that his mother's emotion prevented her from seeing the untruth. And see now how great a matter so small a thing may turn aside. If Mrs. Thorndyke had looked up she would have believed Philip's face against his words, and there would have been no solitary migration and no case in equity—no moral upheaval and no strangling of a carefully educated conscience. And, besides, Philip might have died comfortably at home, with all the accessories of civilization to make it easier.

Preparations for the journey, and the arranging of matters connected with the estate, kept Philip so busy for the next few days that there was no time to indulge in painful rehearsals of the approaching leavetakings. As a confidant in the business affair was necessary, he told his solicitor, not the exact truth, but what he had made himself believe to be the truth, and was thus enabled to keep his mother in ignorance of his careful provision for her future. When it came to making the will, Col. Van Cott, who was a family friend of the Thorndykes, and of the Morrisons as well, put in a word.

"You say you want to leave it all to your mother; does that include the sum set apart for a marriage settlement on Helen?"

"Yes." Philip ran his hand through his hair and then tugged at his moustache. "You see, it's this way," he explained: "I know that's what Helen would wish if she could be consulted. She has always objected to the settlement, and she says she will insist upon turning it over to my mother when it comes into her hands. I thought it would simplify matters to include it with the rest."

"I knew about that," replied the lawyer, taking up his pen again; "and so I thought perhaps you might want to leave it as an anchor to windward in case your mother's property ever became involved. I don't like your obstinacy in the matter of investments; I mean the way you both keep all your money tied up in Hallam's bank stock."

"I know that's always been an eyesore to you, colonel, and I could never understand just why it should be. Hallam is as safe as the subtreasury, and he always pays good dividends."

"That may all be," replied Van Cott, testily; "I don't know anything to the contrary; but it cuts no figure with the principle of the thing. It's a plain case of putting all your eggs in one basket; and that's never a good thing to do."

Philip wrestled a moment with a new sense of responsibility. "I guess you're right; though I never thought much about it before. It's hardly worth while for me to make transfers now, but I'd be glad if you could get mother to do it." And the making of the will went on without further interruption.

During these days of preparation Philip found it convenient to avoid being much alone with Helen. Since telling her of his intention, he had been beset by a fear that she suspected a more serious reason for the journey than the one he had given her. The fear was not wholly unfounded, for, on the following day, Miss Morrisson had gone straight to Dr. Perevin. Fortunately for that gentleman's reputation as a keeper of family secrets, he happened to be engaged when she called, and so had time to reinforce his caution. Helen waited, quaking, in the reception-room, losing the vantage ground of attack in the same proportion that the physician strengthened his defenses by delay. When she was finally admitted, she threw away her one chance of success by abandoning strategy for assault.

"Doctor, I want you to tell me all about Philip's trouble," she began. "Why are you sending him away? and why won't he talk about what you told him?"

The doctor was suavity and considerate sympathy personified. "Why, my dear young lady, one would think that Philip had been ordered to Siberia! Is it so remarkable that I should have suggested a change of scene and climate?"

"N-no, I suppose not; but, doctor, please tell me why you advised him to go alone."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ROYAL PHRASE-MAKING.

Fine Speeches Made by Monarchs of the Past and Present.

Phrase-making two or three generations ago played an important part in French politics. Louis XVI. had a literary prompter who used to prime him with phrases and plan for him scenes such as would excite the people's admiration.

"Your majesty will soon be going to the races," said this prompter one day. "You will find a notary entering the bets of two princes of the blood; when you see him, sire, make the remark: 'What is the use of this man? Ought there to be written contracts between gentlemen? Their words should be enough.'"

The scene came off—the prompter saw to that—and the courtiers exclaimed: "What a happy thought! How kingly! That is his style."

Another scene, more likely to impress the populace, was planned by this prompter. A sledging pleasure party was arranged for the king. Just as it was about to start several carts passed by, carrying wood to the poor of Paris.

"These are my sledges!" said Louis, pointing to the loaded carts, and he declined to join the party.

Talleyrand coined for Louis XVIII. the remark which he was reported to have used on the day he entered Paris: "There is nothing changed; only a Frenchman the more in Paris."

As a matter of fact, the king did not trouble himself to utter the phrase; but Talleyrand inserted it in the journals of the day that the people might flatter themselves that their king had forgotten the past, and consequently there would be no change.

Perhaps the most striking phrase uttered by a modern king was spoken by King Humbert a few years ago, when the cholera was raging in Naples. He had been invited by the municipality of Genoa to a banquet, which he declined in these words: "Men are feasting at Genoa; men are dying at Naples—I go to Naples."—Youth's Companion.

Foiled After All.

During the Peninsular war a number of English officers had established a mess in a Spanish village, with native cooks whose efforts were fairly satisfactory to the keen appetites of the campaigners. They were joined, however, by a certain peevish, cantankerous major, who bitterly complained that every dish was flavored with sugar—after the Spanish fashion—and quite uneatable. Finally, he confined himself to a diet of eggs boiled in the shell. "They can't sugar those," he cried, triumphantly. But his triumph was short-lived. Next morning some mischievous subs were at the mess-table before the major, and emptied all of the salt cellars, replacing their contents with powdered sugar. The major soon appeared, and with gloomy complacency began upon an egg, with which, as usual, he took plenty of "salt." At the first mouthful his face turned purple with rage. "Sugared, by Jove!" he exclaimed, and rushed off to his tent.—San Francisco Argonaut.

—Bishop Taylor considered three hours and Richard Baxter four hours' sleep enough for any man.

STATE NEWS

Ionia.—While his daughter was attending a funeral and the funeral procession was passing his home, Alfred Burlan, an old resident of Campbell, went to the loft of his barn, tied a rope around his neck and jumped off. His daughter, Mrs. Kart, returned a little later and found him dead. He lived in Campbell until a few weeks ago, when he went to Odessa township to reside with his daughter. His wife died a short time ago and he became melancholy.

Marshall.—Sheriff Fonda discovered an attempted delivery from the county jail when he opened a letter found in the possession of a prisoner named Osborn who was sentenced to the Detroit workhouse for larceny. The letter had been given to Osborn to mail to a young woman in Iowa by a young Canadian prisoner held for burglary. In the letter the latter stated that he would soon be at liberty. This led the sheriff to investigate and he found cell locks tampered with and other evidences of a plot for a delivery. Had the plot succeeded, nine men charged with felonies would have escaped.

Ionia.—Declaring his innocence and that the money belonged to him, Edward Ludwick was brought to the Ionia jail on a charge of embezzlement and larceny. Ludwick lives just over the line in Clinton county east of Pewamo. Deputy Sheriff Lowrey made the arrest on a warrant sworn out by the State Savings bank of Ionia. A few days ago he presented the canceled certificate at the bank, drew the interest and got a new certificate. This was followed by the warrant and arrest. Ludwick was bound over and is in jail in default of $100 bail.

Adrian.—To drop four stories to a basement floor and walk away none the worse for the shock is neither pleasant nor common, yet such was the experience of Peter J. Rowley, an employe of the Adrian Knitting mills, when an elevator in which he was, riding, broke loose from the cable and plunged down the shaft. Not only was Rowley unhurt in the fall, but he retained presence of mind enough to jump from the door of the shaft the moment he struck, in time to escape serious injury from a shower of heavy timbers.

Mio.—When Jacob McIntyre of Fairview, this county, was found dead a month ago in a swamp, with his shotgun lying beside him, it was supposed to be a case of either suicide or accidental shooting, and the body was buried. Later developments and investigation led to a different conclusion, and Verne E. Ervin pleaded guilty before a justice and was held to the circuit court for murder.

Grand Rapids.—At the concatenation of the Hoos-Hoos of Michigan here, it was decided to hold the annual meeting September 9. The organization will charter the steamer City of Cleveland at Detroit for a five-days' cruise in Georgian bay.

Calumet—Sadie Constant of East St. Louis, Ill., aged twenty-two, and John Sing, aged thirty-four, a Calumet Chinese laundryman, were married here.

Ann Arbor.—There are two cases of a mysterious disease at the homeopathic hospital, which the hospital physicians have thought best to quarantine till their exact nature can be determined. They are both women, and both are isolated and quarantined as smallpox cases, though it is by no manner of means sure that they are smallpox.

Owosso.—Isabelle Herman, nineteen years old, daughter of August F. Herman, complained of illness and finally confessed to having taken a large dose of strychnine with suicidal intent. Several physicians worked for hours and saved her life. Unrequited loved for a college student is assigned as the reason for the girl's act.

Grand Rapids.—Mrs. Huntley Russell, wife of the state land commissioner and her sister, Mrs. Lucius Boltwood, both of this city, have deeded to the city 40 acres of valuable ground on the bank of Grand river south of the Soldiers' Home. The land is to be used for park purposes.

Bay City.—Roy Morrison of this city and Nathan Malone of Temple, arrested in this city after Malone had indulged in shooting at a gang of boys that had angered him, are wanted in St. Johns on charges of burglary and horse stealing, according to a telegram received by the police. A reward of $25 is up for the two at St. Johns and the local police will turn them over.

Grand Rapids.—Because the management of the Reed-Tandler Engraving company discharged six members of the photo-engraving department, all the employes of that branch of the plant walked out. Some time ago several of the men joined the union and the company wishes to conduct an open shop.

Saginaw.—John O'Brien was given 75 days in Detroit house of correction and Louis Harthaway was placed on three months' probation for the larceny of the Valley Home telephone cable several days ago, which threw out of service the long distance and about 250 'phones in Saginaw.

Gaines.—Despite the fact that Genessee county is listed in the "wet" class, Gaines will remain "dry." The village council has adopted an ordinance to suppress saloons, and has rejected the liquor bond of Hynes & Dolehanty, proprietors of the local hotel.

GOD'S PITY FOR THE HEATHEN

Sunday School Lesson for April 30, 1911

Specially Arranged for This Paper

LESSON TEXT—Jonah 3:1-4:11. Memory Verse 11.

GOLDEN TEXT—"Go ye therefore, and teach all nations."—Matt. 28:19.

TIME—Jeroboam II, king of Israel, in whose time Jonah prophesied, reigned (Beecher) B. C. 832-792, (Hastings) B. C. 804-763. Amos and Hosea were contemporary prophets.

PLACE—Gath-hepher, north of Nazareth in Galilee, the Mediterranean Sea, Joppa, and Nineveh.

KINGS—Jeroboam II attained suzerainty over all the peoples from the Mediterranean to the Euphrates. "The writer of the book of Jonah has presented accurately the values of the historical situation. It was the unknown diasters in Assyria, just after Ramman-nirari had broken the power of Damascus, that rendered the successes of Jeroboam possible."

Jonah was unquestionably a historical personage. He lived in the reign of Jeroboam II., king of Israel, in whose time Amos's work was accomplished. According to 2 Kings 14: 25, he prophesied the recovery from Syria of the lost border possessions of Israel. He is said to have belonged to Gath-hepher, a town of Zebulon, and his grave is still shown in the vicinity of Nazareth. Gath-hepher was about an hour's walk north of Nazareth. Jonah was therefore a prophet of Galilee. Jewish legend said that he was the son of the widow of Sarepta, whom Elijah had restored to life; and also that he was the youth whom Elisha had sent to anoint Jehu, king of Israel.

This little biography begins with the announcement that God asked a man to do something for him. It is significant that other Bible writers (Nehemiah, Jeremiah, Zephaniah, Haggai, Micah) begin the story of their lives at the same point. Our acquaintance with Paul begins with his summons to duty, and the apostles were not known until Christ bade them follow him. Jonah's call was to go to Nineveh, the greatest and wickedest city in the world, and threaten it with doom from Jehovah.

How did Jonah answer his missionary call? By running away. He fled from the presence of the Lord, as if God were, in his mind, only a local divinity, ruling over Israel, but unable to see the fugitive if he fled far enough beyond his territory. Jonah should have asked himself, "If the God of Israel sees what is going on at distant Nineveh, and is concerned about it, is it to be supposed that his unfaithful servant will escape his notice, like some defaulting apprentice lad, who hopes to elude his master's notice by running away to sea?"

Jonah jumps on board a vessel bound for the most remote place known to the ancient world, Tarsus, that is Tartessus, on the Guadalquivir in Spain. God interfered with Jonah's plans by sending one of those sudden, treacherous storms so frequent on the Mediterranean, a storm so fierce that even the skilful Phoenician sailors were compelled to throw out their cargo, and were filled with terror.

Jonah calls upon the sailors to throw him into the sea—to purchase their peace by his sacrifice. That call is the finest thing in the picture. It is the real miracle. It marks the enlargement of the man. But the honest fellows were loath to take him at his word, and the poor rowers plied the long sweeps more earnestly than ever. Even when obliged at last to throw Jonah overboard, they did it with a prayer to Jehovah. And at once the sea was calm.

How long was Jonah in the great fish? Three days and three nights, which, according to the Jewish mode of reckoning, might, as in the case of our Lord's stay in the tomb, have been only one entire day and parts of the day preceding and the day following.

It is striking to notice the change in Jonah as soon as he ceased to run away from his duty and became obedient to God's command. What was the command? The first repeated: "Go to Nineveh, that great city, and proclaim what I bade you proclaim, the doom of their sins."

Then God prepared a gourd. This book is full of this word prepared. We are told that the Lord prepared a great fish, a gourd, a worm, and a sultry east wind. This gourd was most likely the bottle-gourd, often planted to grow over trellis-work. It is thought by some to have been the palma christi, or castor-oil plant, which still grows to a great size in the Jordan valley. It is so-called because it is a five-leaved plant, one leaf of which outspread was thought to represent the hand of Christ.

Next in the acted parable came a worm, destroying the gourd, and the sirocco, driving its hot blast down upon the sweltering prophet. Then, by a wonderfully true touch of human nature, Jonah transfers his pity for himself, as an ill-used prophet, to the gourd which likewise had been hardly treated.

The divine question, "Should not I have pity?" remains unanswered. Above the stir and din and wickedness the divine compassion is still brooding.

The argument is very fine. On the gourd Jonah had spent neither labor nor strength. How much more should God, of whose goodness man's highest virtue is but the faintest shadow, pity and spare the helpless and ignorant works of his own hands who now fill the streets of Nineveh with pathetic appeals for forgiveness! God's pity extends to the little children, that cannot discern between their right hand and their left hand, and even to the cattle. There is no finer close in the whole realm of literature than this ending. God's love is broader than the measures of mankind.

Perforated Stamps.

Perforated sheets of postage stamps were unknown six decades ago. Until the year 1854 postage stamps were issued in sheets which the purchaser had to cut up in any way he found convenient. The perforating machine was invented by an Irishman named Archer. When it was submitted to the British government the treasury offered him $3,000 for his patent rights. As Archer had spent over four years in perfecting his machine, this offer was indignantly rejected. Eventually Archer was awarded $20,000.

Where Did He Learn It?

A teacher of English, in order to disprove the charge that high school pupils know little about the vital things that are going on around them, gave a test in which she asked for definitions of such terms as tariff, reciprocity, the labor problem. In the paper of a 15-year-old she found this: "The labor problem is how to keep the working people happy without paying them enough to live on."—La Follett's Weekly.

Thunderstorm Observatory.

It is announced that a thunderstorm observatory has been established in Spain in which atmospheric discharges, both local and distant, are detected graphically and acoustically. A wireless telegraph instrument is used for this purpose, because each lightning discharge is accompanied by electro-magnetic waves similar to those used in wireless telegraphy.

A Greek Joke.

A citizen of Cumae, on a donkey, passed by an orchard, and seeing a branch of a fig tree loaded with delicious fruit he laid hold of it, but the donkey went on, leaving him suspended. Just then the gardener came up and asked him what he did there. The man replied, "I fell off the donkey."—Clouston's "A Book of Noodles."

Magazine Hint.

When putting away old magazines in the attic, clip out the page which contains the table of contents and write the name of the magazine it belongs to and the month from which it was taken on the margin. Then any article can be referred to and the magazine and page found without any loss of time.

The Country Cottage.

The country cottage is the hope of the young and the solace of the old; it is the middle-aged, with their exaggerated ideas of comfort, their unreasonable desire for dry walls, brilliant lighting, hot and cold water, and the telephone, who complicate the question of the Saturday rush to the green fields.—Sketch.

Smallest Island.

The island on which the Eddystone lighthouse is situated is the smallest inhabited island in the world, it is said, although there may be some disputants to this claim in the Thousand Islands. It is only 30 feet in diameter at low water.

Modern War.

"Your soldiers look fat and happy. You must have a war chest." "Not exactly, but things are on a higher plane than they used to be. This revolution is being financed by a moving-picture concern."

Irish Landmark Gone.

The famous Temple of Liberty, one of Ulster's best known landmarks, was burned to the ground the other morning. Erected at Toomebridge, on the County Londonderry side of the River Bann, by the late Rev. John Carey, some 60 years ago, it had a romantic history. Its founder was a remarkable man, possessed of considerable wealth. He was a descendant of a Cromwellian family, and had been arrested and tried for murder, but was unanimously acquitted by the jury, whereupon he erected the building in question.—London Mail.

His Limit.

Joshua had made the sun stand still.

"Fine, but we bet you can't make Willie Jones do it," we cried.

Herewith he acknowledged his limitations.—Harper's Bazar.

Evidently Deeply in Love.

Chedomir Mikovitch, a Belgrade policeman, committed suicide after his sweetheart had informed him she could not leave her situation to follow him on his new beat.